A SOUVENIR

The 90th on Active Service

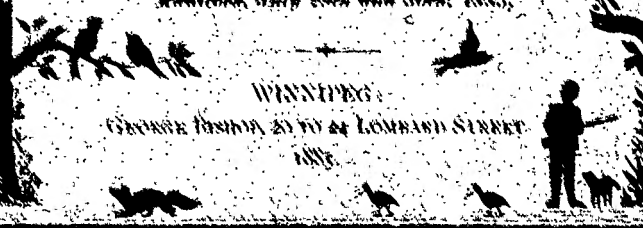
OR

Campaigning in the North West.

Written by Staff-Sergeant George Broughall, 90th Battalion.

Songs by Major L. Buchan; Rev. D. M. Gordon, Chaplain; Sergeants Jas. Tees and W. R. Colquhoun; and Privates W. H. D'Arcy and R. Pomeroy, 90th Battalion.

As played in the Princess Opera House, Winnipeg, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, July 30th and 31st, 1885.



WINNIPEG:
GEORGE FRASER, 29 TO 34 LOMBARD STREET.
1885.

THE 90TH ON ACTIVE SERVICE

OR

CAMPAIGNING IN THE NORTH WEST.

A MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC BURLESQUE IN TWO ACTS.

With an Introductory, Interlude and Final Tableau.

BY

WRITTEN BY STAFF SERGEANT GEO. BROOKHART

SONGS BY MAJOR L. BUCHAN, CHAPLAIN D. M. GORDON, SERGTS JOS. TEES AND W. R. COURALE, AND PRIVATES W. H. D'ARCY AND R. POMEROY

MUSIC BY BANDMASTER H. GOODENO, 90TH BATTALION

As played in the Princess Opera House Winnipeg, May [illegible] 1885, under the patronage of H. Excy the Lieut. Governor

WINNIPEG

GEORGE BISHOP, 30 TO 34 LOMBARD STREET.

1885.

PREFACE.

On Sunday, March 22nd, 1885, the first news of the uprising under Riel, in the North West, reached Winnipeg. On the following day the 90th Battalion was ordered to hold itself in readiness, and on Wednesday and Friday the regiment left in detachments for Troy, N. W. T., the Major-General Commanding accompanying the second detachment. The route taken by the regiment, on foot, was from Troy to Prince Albert 274 miles, passing through Fort Qu'Appelle, the Touchwood Hills, the Salt Plains, Humboldt, Clarke's Crossing on the South Saskatchewan, Fish Creek, Gabriel's Crossing, Batoche, crossing the Saskatchewan at Garrieppy Crossing, and reaching Prince Albert on the 19th May. The march from Fort Qu'Appelle to Clarke's Crossing on foot, a distance of 210 miles, was made in nine days and a half. At Fish Creek, April 24th, an engagement with the rebels took place, the regiment losing six killed, and fourteen wounded. At Batoche, a four days battle was fought, May 9th to 12th, ending in the capture of the rebel stronghold. Here the regiment lost, three killed, and nine wounded. A few days later, Riel was captured by some of the scouts.

From Prince Albert, the battalion was ordered to proceed up the North Saskatckewan river by Steamer, passing Fort Carleton, and stopping at Battleford, where Poundmaker and his force surrendered. From Battleford the 90th went to Fort Pitt, June 31st, where they were stationed for a month, during which time the chase after Big Bear took place, ending in his capture by the Mounted Police.

On July 3rd, the regiment received orders for home, going down the North Saskatchewan by steamer, passed Battleford, Carleton, Prince Albert, Fort a la Corne, Cumberland House, Pas Mission, through Cedar Lake to Grand Rapids, there embarking in barges, and thence across Lake Winnipeg, up the Red River, disembarking at Selkirk, and arriving at Winnipeg on the 15th July. The total distance covered by the regiment was nearly 1800 miles. The strength leaving Winnipeg was 316, returning was 232, of which the difference 84, was made up in 55 killed and wounded in action or invalided, and 29 either granted leave or ordered off on escort or detachment duty.

While stationed at Fort Pitt, some of the monotony of camp life was relieved by writing and rehearsing the following burlesque.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, WITH THE CAST.

PRINCESS OPERA HOUSE, WINNIPEG, 1885.

The General ...	Lieut. J. A. Healy.
Officer of the Day ...	Lieut. H. M. Arnold.
The A.D.C. ...	Pte M. B. Orde.
Captain ...	Sergt. R. C. Dickson.
J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn (war correspondent, Jorsl and Combat.)	Pte. H. C. Reynell.
Baxter Hill (Journalist) ...	Pte J. H. Howden.
Blondie (the Hungry Recruit) ...	Sergt. Joseph Tees.
Chawlie (a Negro Cook) ...	Sergt. H. D. Tulloch.
The Sergeant-Major ...	Sergt.-Major Watson.
Army Telegraph Operator	Pte. T. E. Mitchell.
A Saskatoon Granger ...	Pte. F. Morgan
His Better Half ...	Pte. J. Pitblado.
Sergt. of the Picquet ...	Pte. J. Brown
Hospital Sergeant ...	Pte. W. Restall.
Sergeant of the Sick Parade ...	Private J. Curry.
Leatherback (Quartermaster) ...	Sergt. C. A. Millican.
The Brigadier-General, K.C.Q.B. (Hard Tack Brigade) ...	Sergt. Joseph Tees.
The Bugler ...	Corp Bugler J. Buchanan.
The Interpreter ...	Sergt. H. D. Tulloch.
"Weeping Dog," Chief of the Hoolyhegans ...	Pte. J. Roberts.
His Mother, a Squaw ...	Pte. J. Pitblado.
His Son, the Dude of the Redmen ...	Pte. Creighton.
His Uncle, the Medicine Man ...	Corp. E. W. Turner.
"Stiff the Mud Quick," a Brave ...	Pte. T. Fry.
First Soldier ...	Pte. W. Hughes.
Second Soldier ...	Corp. R. E. Young.

THE GUARD.

Corp. Doyle, Pres. W. G. Johnson, Geo. Cameron and Sleman.

THE PICQUET QUESTS.

Sergeant of the Picquet, Private J. Brown; Corporal of the Picquet, Sergeant Steele; Privates Steele, Corporal Bailey, Private Pitblado, Sergeant Millican, Privates Curry, Keller and Brooks, Sergeant Spearman, Privates Harrison and Nixon, and Corporal Mahoney.

THE HAND TACK BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General, Sergeant Jos. Tees; Sergeants Millican, Turfery, Spearman and Steele. Corporals Johnston, Turfer, Mahoney and George Bailey. Privates H. Scovel, Curry, Harrison, Reeds, Pitblado, Timewell, Nixon, Brooks, Watts, Doyle, Thurman, Agnew, Shera, Reid, Brown, G. McAllister, Macrell, Hughes, Longman and Keller.

THE MARCH OUT.

THE BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

Bandmaster H. Gooding; Corporals H. Kirk, F. Kennedy, G. Bailey; Privates Cann, C. Kennedy, F. Kennedy, H. Kirk, Sr., S. Kirk, R. Wardhaw, W. Buchanan, Green, Devitt, Limogen, Raper, French, J. Kennedy and Keller.

NO. 1 COMPANY AND CHORUS.

Sergeants Dickson, Steele, Millican, Colgate, Spearman; Corporals Johnson and Mahoney; Privates T. Mitchell, A. Watts, Thurman, Reid, Keller, G. H. McAllister, Geo. McAllister, Brooks, Timewell, Harrison, Fry, Agnew, Jos. Scovel, Nixon, Shera, Whitelaw, Curry, Hughes, Longman, Pitblado, Lawe and J. Brown.

NO. 2 COMPANY.

Sergeant Smith; Corporals R. N. Doyle, Marshall, McGuire and Trouser; Pres. Howell, McGinnis, Silver, Lark, Passmore, Hockie, Gillam, Chappel, McMillan, Peterkin, Izard, Bates, Roberts, Moyner, Meachim, Fisher, Berts, Johnson, Malcolmson, Dean, Rennie, Pomeroy, Ellis and Cooke.

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Sergeant Jackie; Corporals Lockhart and Burke; Privates Morgan, Lewis, W. J. McKay, A. Cameron, Porter, Davis, Mullins, Pritchard, Graham, McLaughlan, Hanna, Wasdell, Johnston, Kellar, Hopkins, Wilkes, Smith, Eddies, Coombes, Warre, Horne, Muir, Wight, Scott, McDermott and McPherson.

SCENE.—*Hastings Corner's Crossing and Sarnia.*

STAGE DIRECTIONS.—R. means right; L. left; R. E., first right entrance; L. E., second left entrance, etc.

THE 90TH ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

INTRODUCTORY.

SCENE.—[illegible] Music Stand. [illegible] R. [illegible] up the drums." [illegible] the BAND is heard in the Long Martins [illegible]

[Enter the 90TH, followed by the BAND [illegible] across the stage. As the last Company [illegible] the BAND plays "Auld Lang Syne."

[Exeunt [illegible] R. [illegible]

ACT I.

SCENE.—Camp, Clarke's Crossing, [illegible] The BAND formed up in the rear, [illegible]

[Enter No. 1 COMPANY [illegible] R. F. [illegible] Stars in the small.]

Captain.—"90th—front rank—half [illegible] open order—march—"

Sergeant.—"Reverse, [illegible]"

Capt.—"General salute—[illegible]" [illegible]

[Exit [illegible] COMPANY [illegible]]

Capt.—"Shoulder arms—(*the* GENERAL *passes down the front rank and up the rear, on passing, returns to his position* L.)

Gen.—"Let your men stand at ease."

Capt.—"90th—order arms—stand at ease."

Gen. (*addresses*)—"Officers, non-commissioned officers and men, I am pleased to witness your soldierly appearance on parade to-day. It is with great pleasure indeed, that I see you have all your accoutrements clean, every buckle and strap polished, and your arms in perfect order. You must all remember that clean accoutrements, and a polished appearance are the first requisites of a good soldier. In the grand and noble profession of the soldier, which you have all for a time adopted, we none of us can expect to achieve much success, unless we pay particular attention to these small matters of detail. The fact that I stand before you to-day, in the position I occupy, having risen from the ranks as it were, should be an incentive to your ambition and should excite your emulation. I began from the humble duties of an officer's orderly, cleaning boots, spurs and such-like articles of a warrior's outfit. But from base sources have we come. In 1869, as probably you may know, I led the gallant and heroic charge of *Ainderkan*. Last fall I conducted the campaign against the *Ainship-Ainnooks*, who respected not the peaceable vocation of a missionary or the tender donation of a Ladies' Aid Society, and (*proudly*) to-day I stand a Major General in Her Majesty's Service.—"

(*Turns to the front and advances to footlights, centre.*)

[*Orchestra.*

(*Sings.*)

THE GENERAL'S SONG.

WRITTEN BY SERGT. W. K. COLGATE.

AIR—"*When I was a lad,*" (*Pinafore.*)

I joined the army as a raw recruit,
But that sort of station did not suit;
I studied hard and passed the grade,
And a three stripe sergeant soon was made;

(*Will repeat*)—And a three stripe, &c.

The sergeant's position so suited me
That I soon became a General in the Queen's army.

(*Chorus*)—The sergeant's position, &c.

A sergeant's position to me seemed fine,
But to rise higher was more in my line;

So to war I went and a captain became,
And in the *Gazette* you can see my name.

(All repeat—And in the *Gazette*, &c.

The Captain's position so suited me, &c.

(Cho.)—The Captain's position, &c.

As a Captain bold I led the van
At the furious charge of Kinderkhân;
I spiked the enemies' guns infernal
And obtained the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

(All repeat)—And obtained, &c.

The Colonel's position so suited me, &c.

(Cho.)—The Colonel's position, &c.

As Lieutenant-Colonel of my regiment fine,
I worked very hard and spent much time.
Parades and inspections I attended several,
And at last I became a Major-General.

(All repeat)—And at last, &c.

That exalted position so suited me
That I've remained a Gen'ral in the Queen's army.

(Cho.)—That exalted position, &c.

MORAL.

Now soldiers all wherever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
Why copy Colonel *Mac*, Major *Bas*, and *Laurie*
And keep up the reputation of the L.B.D.

(All repeat)—And keep up, &c.

And some fine day you'll become like me,
A Major-General in the Queen's army.

(Cho.)—And some fine day, &c.

Gen. (resumes)—"Now men, we have a very serious campaign before us. This rebellion, which has broken out, will have to be crushed. I know you are all determined to do your duty; and to undertake the heavy work and long marches, yet before you, in a willing manner. I have already witnessed with pleasure your marching of the past few days. In the West the news of the past few days has been serious. There have been raids, engagements and massacres. Men have been slain and captives taken—and I feel sure, that should you become aware, that the rescue of women and children depends upon your efforts, I may in the future fully rely on you exerting yourselves to the utmost. Your prompt response to the call to arms for active service, shows that you are actuated by the spirit of true patriotism and loyalty to the British Crown."

THE WAR ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Colonel.—"Attention—shoulder arms—advance in review order—quick march (BAND *plays*) (*Colonel salutes*) (*Colonel*) general salute—present arms (BAND *plays* "*God Save the Queen*")

[*Exeunt* GENERAL *and* A.D.C., 1 R. E.]

[*Exeunt* BAND *playing the march.*]

Colonel.—"Shoulder arms—close order—march—right about turn—quick march—halt—companies onwards wheel—halt—~~front—pile arms—stand clear~~ now men, go and get your baggage off the wagons and pitch tents—break off."

[*Exeunt* SERGT.-MAJOR, 2 L. E.]

Major.—"Bugler! (*to* BUGLER) Sound orderly sergeants." (BUGLER *sounds.*)

[*Enter* ORDERLY SERGEANTS *to be formed before* SERGT.-MAJOR. *Men unscrewing and baggage and camp equipage piled to pitch tent on the stage.*]

Sergt.-Major.—"I want one smart, intelligent man from each company at once. Right turn—dismiss."

Major.—"I want a bright, intelligent man for the Sergeant Major at once. (*Several rush up*). Hold on, you all can't go."

Chorus.—"Take me, take me, I'll go, I'll go."

Major.—"Blondie, you will do." (*Exit* ORDERLY SERGTS *and men parade before the* SERGT. MAJOR.)

Sergt. Major.—"Two men to the right pitch officers' tents. Next two quartermasters' fatigue. The remainder bring wood and water. Right turn—quick march. (*Enter fatigue* 2 R. E. *in fatigue*). Orderlies—right turn—dismiss. Now I must see about my guard."

[*Enter* CORPORAL *and* GUARD, 1 L. E., *at the stage.*]

(*Corporal takes up position at stage*). "Guard—shoulder arms—*(at ease)*—R. E.—halt—No. 1 port arms—Your beat will be from this pile of wood to that bush. You will protect all Government property and call out the guard in case of an alarm. Sentry—shoulder arms—*(illegible)*—quick march." (*Sentry* [illegible])

[*Exeunt* RIFLEMEN, R. E.]

[*Enter* TELEGRAPH OPERATOR *and* JOE, 2 L. E., *and set up the telegraph station. Lay wires to the top of wire on* L. *side.*]

THE NOW ON ACTIVE SERVICE

[illegible] CHARLIE [illegible] J. L. [illegible]

[illegible]

BLOXPIS [illegible] BLONDIN [illegible]

[illegible]

Charlie (*[illegible]*) "[illegible] you do dat sah, tucking me in [illegible] dat war."

Blondin (*[illegible]*) "Chawlie, I [illegible] hold boy [illegible] shows you bagtiby in comin' to the [illegible]."

Charlie. "Don't you go to [illegible] dat on again. It sahk [illegible] Kid Boy. 'Sides cooks dre exempt anyway."

Blondin.—"Well say Chawlie, hold boy, [illegible] supper."

Charlie (*[illegible]*) "Now you go right out o' dis and [illegible]."

Blondin.—"Well you by, hold boy. I don't get left." (*[illegible]*)

(*Exeunt*, [illegible] J. L.)

[illegible] "There is that confounded field wire out in order again—[illegible] go back over the line and see what is the matter. (*Exit* [illegible], J. L.) You cant expect anything better with those 'Sah poles the Government have erected half way across the Compert. Yesterday a cow tangled her horns in the wire, and the night before last, [illegible] against a pole and dislocated his [illegible]." (QUESADIX [illegible] *disk, and continues [illegible]*.)

Chorus.—"A song, a song, Brooks for a song." [illegible] *[illegible] and [illegible]* CHAWLIE [illegible]

CHINEE SONG.

[illegible]

Me comee from Hong Kong Chinee
To wokee for Mein man;
Me no caree talk much Engleh,
Me speakee too best I can;
Me wokee alee day to ee laundry
For Ching Chong, that's his name;
Me cookee alee day to ee market,
Makee pot pie alee same,
Alee same, alee same, alee same.

(*Chorus*) Ching Chong, opium fiend on a spree,
No Chee Mass Sand, makee believe sick
Mein man, Jawn long to my little sing,
With a Chinee fiddle and a Shanghai [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Chorus of Correspondents.—"Pity."

Chaw.—"Armstrong! Bet perhaps you don't think a war correspondent don't eat some brevets yet! Hey! Landlord! Say where is the Landlord? Bring forth a banquet at once! We—the prince of war correspondents. Make that chicken and marmalade, thanks!"

Bowell.—"Are some hard tack and corned beef Sir?"

Chaw.—"Hard tack and corned beef! Say, boys, you don't eat that—you O's and A. B.'s, Chicago Cooked Corned Beef, Armour's patent. No! Happy thought, I'll look up the others' mess."

Pitcher.—"But they will say you bolt and you'll get left."

Chaw.—"Left! left!! [illegible]. As Rochfoucauld would say, the word has not yet begotten the brain of man, who can leave me; and I, Michael Chaw (O'Chaw never gets left). In the grandiloquent and impressive language of the reporter's vocabulary, there is no such word as "left." Now that other individual, who endeavours to oppress on this gathering, the fact that he is a correspondent, for that sheet called a morning daily, thinks he can, in a cool, quiet way, crowd me out of the mind me. But he's no go! pouter. He only poses as a war correspondent (simply poses). He get ahead of me? When he goes ahead of the great Romany of that prince city to the east, it is a sure sign, forgiv' me and good on Mantoba, and don't you forget it. Now to be a war correspondent, requires a man of varied experience, a refined imagine, a $14 a term o'ection, and a poetical instinct, with a prose style approaching to that of a Macaulay, Gibbon, Chaucer, and a little to Chaw (Chaw). He should know Shakespeare and be able to use in moderate quantities, to suit the tastes of all that medium class of reader population, which lies 'tween as it were, between the Aristocracy of the Upper Circles and the Hudson Bay Cats. He should have at his finger ends such great epic authorities as "Chaw, or on Skinnybunk," "Chaw, or on Pipes," "Salubrity, or Chaw on Baking Powder," and "The cook on Cooking." But ma la a la boys, I'm off for the officers' mess, where the bounds, in the language of a certain gentleman, flow with molasses, lemons and orange ade."

[EXIT CHAW.]

[ENTER CHARLIE.]

Chaw.—"Who is dat wood and wattah tangue (BYONDER) [illegible] been on a fatigue young fellah."

Bye.—"Youdet."

THE SORT ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Chas. "What de nigger yellah?"

Rew. "Just lett them."

Chas. "Sol-ooze."

Rew. "You bet."

Chas. "Don't you ever done nuffin at all den."

Rew. "Well yer knows, 'ave marched considerable."

Chas. "In a wagon I expect."

Rew. "And unless they take me for a bloomin' labourer, I don't see what I could do more consistent with my shape. Say Chawlie, 'ween you, me and the Gaffer, fifty cents a day hain't no pay for a hinvalid of my hability, and I shawnt go on hany fatigues as I can havoid."

Chas. "De sargent maaw will catch on and don't forget it. Has been dere himself."

Rew. "Haw, 'ow absurd, why Hi can slip hevery time and 'Ye got the 'ere fi'ah, what saves 'im he belongs to the Hordes of Corporals, on the hend of my finger. He aint fit to run no fatigues. It's a man of my hexperience on the sargent maaw's as what should run the thing."

[Enter Sergeant Maaw, 2 L. E.]

Serg. Maaw. "Here me man what are you trying to do with yourself." (Looks around as if in search.)

Rew. "Just been on ha wood fatigue, Sir."

Serg. Maaw. "Well, where have you put the wood?"

Rew. "Over on that 'ere hill in the bluff."

Chas. (aside) "Spicks as how it is gron in dat yet."

[Exit, 2 L. U.]

Serg. Maaw. "Why have you not brought it up?"

Rew. "Ave come to see where the bloomin' fire is to be located yer know."

Serg. Maaw. "Well run move yourself."

[Exit, 1 L. E.]

[Enter Chawlie Sambo, 2 L. E.]

Chas. "Say, Gaffer, here me de nigger boys, wid de wood and wattah. Better make yourself scarce, or keep at the vegetation distance."

[Exit, 2 L. E.]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

WHEN ARE [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Chaw.—"Yah!"

Blon. (coming out.)—"Who was that 'ere hindividual I 'eard singin' while I was under *cover?*"

Chaw.—"Who? Didn't you hear dem shout bravo Chawlie?"

Blon.—"Oh yes. Say, let us 'ave hanother melody by way of han appetizer."

[*Chawley sings.*]

BOB UP SERENELY—(PARODY.)

WRITTEN BY MAJOR BUCHAN, BRANDON.

AIR—"*Bob up serenely*" (*Olivette.*)

When the hungry boys all gather round the kitchen,
And find that threats don't hurry up their dinner,
They commence with their dirty fists to pitch in
And call all sorts of names that mean a sinner.

(*Chorus*)—That is the time for disappearing,
Take a header and down you go;
And when the sky above is clearing
Bob up serenely, bob up serenely,
Bob up serenely from below.

When the orderly sergeant's got the jumping toothache,
And sends us all to heaven with the saints,
When the officer's going round at grub-time
And finds the cook is blamed for all complaints.

(*Cho.*)—That is the time, etc.

When the quartermaster's serving out our ration,
And we snatch a little more than is our share,
Oh, you ought to see him fly into a passion
And in real old soldier style begin to swear.

(*Cho.*)—That is the time, etc.

When the sergeant major thinks we're shirking duty,
And orders cooks and cookees to parade
Then we think that for soldiers we're too sooty
And prefer to keep our beauty in the shade.

(*Cho.*)—That is the time, etc.

When the word is passed, 'the enemy is coming,'
When we hear the battle's din begin to roar,
When the bullets come a zipping and a humming,
When we think the rebs are looking for our gore,

(*Cho.*)—That is the time, etc

[*Enter* BAXTER HILL, 2 L. E., *a war correspondent always cool and self-possessed.*]

Hill.—(*advancing half way across the stage.*) "Good evening, gentlemen," (*unbuttons his coat, takes out his wallet.* No. 1. ORD.-SERGT. *slightly advancing,* HILL *takes out a business card.*) "My Card."

No. 1 Ord.-Sergt. (*reads*)—"BAXTER HILL, Journalist."

Hill.—(*adding*) "Representing the great moral daily."

Blon.—"Oh, that is the F. P."

Hill.—"Telegraph?"

No. 1 Ord.-Sergt.—"Over there, Sir."

Hill.—(*wheels around and advances to* OPERATOR, *draws out a despatch from his pocket.*) "Send despatch," (*placing it on desk.*)

Tel. Op.—"The line is not working Sir."

[*Enter* J. M. C. O'FLYNN, *hurriedly,* 1 R. E.]

O'Flynn, (*excitedly*)—"Here, here, you will have the goodness to rush this despatch with all expedition," (*holding out despatch in his hand.*)

Hill, (*coolly pointing*)—"My despatch (*handing him a card*)—My card."

O'Flynn, (*reading*)—"Baxter Hill, Journalist." (*drawing himself up*)—"And I, sir, am J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn, Journalist, representing the organ, happily called after that bright orb of day, which rolls like a fiery chariot, across the broad blue ethereal space above; and which also is thrown at the doors of thousands of eager subscribers, for five cents a copy, strictly in advance."

Hill.—"Happy to meet, you seem verbose."

O'Flynn.—"Verbose! Ha, you sir, then, are one of that new school of writers, termed concise and terse. Now, sir, my forte is description and war. I revel in war—fairly revel in it sir—and description is my particular forte. To paint the beauties of nature, the babbling brooks, the rugged cliffs, and the stormy meterological reports of the weather, in that soft mellifluous language which falls gently on the ear, leaving a tender touch of romance behind, and the charm of bygone scenes, is a portion of the business of a perfect correspondent. Besides, it attains an increased value at thirty cents a word when transmitted in the clickity, click-clack characters of Morse's alphabet: over that electrical link, which has done so much to bind all mankind, from the tropic of Capricorn to the Antarctic circle into one grand union."

Blon. (aside).—"Guess he means the Leland."

O'Flynn.—"My orders, sir, are to spare no expense; and here is ten dollars for your right to the wire. (HILL, *cooly smoking a cigarette makes no response.*) Well then, I'll raise it and make it twenty." (*Offering the money*).

Hill.—"As you say, (*taking money, picks up his despatch, walks away*). As the *Free Press* says, 'When nothing happens, nothing shall be reported.'"

[*Exit* 1 R. E.]

Tel. Op.—"I'm sorry to say that the line is not working."

O'Flynn.—"Holy Mackinaw, J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn is scooped at last."

[*Retires to rear of stage.*]

[*Enter* BLONDIE *rushing in* 2 L. E.]

Blon.—"'Rah boys, two couriers from Saskatoon."

A Soldier – "Well, what news from the front."

[*Enter* GRANGER *and* WIFE *with farm produce,* 2 L. E.]

Blon.—"Oh hits grangers with heggs at dollar a dozen, butter dollar ha pound, and bread seventy cents ha loaf. Purely protectionist prices."

Soldier.—"It is an imposition on the camp, to have these parties trying to bleed our boys, who have come so far to protect them."

Blon.—"Say we *eggs-hit* them. (*Addressing* GRANGER) Say, boss, 'fore you leave I'll take one hegg. Can you change 'alf a dollar (GRANGER *timidly points towards his wife*). Oh, hits the old woman wats running the menagerie. (GRANGER *nods assent*) 'Great Cæsar's ghost,' as the pilot on a river boat says, seven feet runnin' (*pointing to* WIFE), three feet scant (*pointing to* GRANGER). No bottom! to these prices."

Wife —"None of yer imperdence, young man."

Blon.—"Say, old gal, 'ave yer yer photo past year, I'd like to *eggshibit* it as an *heggstortionist.*" (GRANGER *and* WIFE *indignantly pick up baskets and go over to* R. *side to another group of soldiers.*) Stand haside you fellahs and let the coffin pass."

Wife (*to group on* R. *side.*)—"Can I sell you any nice fresh eggs, butter, bread or milk to-day, young men?"

No. 1 Ord. Sergt.—"Well, I guess we will take all you have got."

Chaw.—"Got any chewing tobacco?"

Wife (*uncovering basket*)—"We can let you have [illegible] all to the officers' mess."

Chaw.—"Dat's de way, de officers get everything."

Wife.—"But you can have one dozen eggs, two [illegible] and [illegible] milk."

No. 1 O. S.—"All right (*clinking hand in pocket.*) How much will that be?"

Wife.—"Six dollars and thirty cents."

No. 1 O. S.—"Great Scott!" (*[illegible] mations of surprise from the others.*)

Blondie (*approaching.*)—"The prices are very hexorbitant hand I guess we butter not 'ave any."

[*Enter* SERGT. MAJOR, 1 R. E.]

Sergt. Maj.—"Here, here, what is this crowd for?"

No. 1 O. S.—"This woman wants to sell eggs at $1.50 a dozen in this camp, and——"

Sergt. Maj.—"There, that will do. Conduct these parties outside the camp lines."

[*Exit* SERGT.-MAJ., 1 R. E.]

[*Exeunt* GRANGER *and* WIFE, *hustled off*, 2 L. E.]

Blon. (*going over to Chaw.*, R.)—"Say, hold stuff. Did you hear the latest?" (*Men gather around.*)

Chaw.—"No! What's dat Blondie? de camp am always full of rumors."

Blon. (*gathering the boys around intimately together—footlights opens.*)—"Well, hits a dead secret; so don't say nothing about hit."

Chaw. (*expressively.*)—"All right, boys, mum is de word."

Blon.—"Well, boys, hi know where there as five gallons of whiskey. Remember, mum is the word."

Gunes (*interested.*)—"Where—where is it?"

Blon. (*very confidentially.*)—"Now, don't say anything to the Colonel or the hofficers."

Chaw. (*excitedly.*)—"No! mum! mum! !!"

Blon. (drawing himself up)—"Well, it is all a lie, but a thundering good camp rumor."

(Exit CHAWLIE *into a soldier's tent, and* BLONDIE *walks off on stage, 1 L. E., in disgust.)*

Soldiers (crowd around CHAWLIE*)*—"Stand aside!—Fan him!—Water!—Give him air!"

Chaw. (recovering)—"Was it all a dream or was I awake?"

Group.—"No, No, Chawlie, you are awake, you will be all right soon."

(Group pulls up.)

(Enter JOE, 3 L. E.*)*

Joe. (to OPERATOR*)*—"Wire all right, break thirteen miles back."

(Exit L.*)*

O'Flynn (walking forward)—"J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn is not left after all. *(To* OPERATOR*)* Here, take this despatch down and rush it. *(Dictates grandiloquently.)* "Your correspondent made due connection with the forces at 2.33 this p.m. As he rode into the lines, the sun, that great luminary of this universe, appeared for the first time, during the day, from behind a lowering cloud. All nature smiled with infinite joy and gladness: and the camp as seen, when it first broke upon the vision of your scribe, lay calmly at ease, on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan, peacefully gentle, as the breath of a sleeping babe. I saw the General to-day, and he seemed much pleased to see me. I understand that his capability for recognizing true genius, when he sees it, is remarkable. I have already drawn his attention to several minor errors in his plan of the campaign, referring him to that great military work of Wrinkle's 'On Campaigning,' and also to the blunders of the Transport service. I will urge strongly on him the advisibility of following up the Hoodoo trail, to which I have already referred, in a former despatch; and the military policy of which is clearly shown in "*Jones's on Wrinkle*," first Edition, page 343. The General, in my opinion, should have a supply of ammunition with him, but I neglected to ascertain this. Now that I have arrived at the scene of action, I may say, that I confidently feel, that we will crush this rebellion. Of this the readers of the great popular journal in your city, may rest assured." *(Rolling up the paper and muttering)* "There, I guess that will do for an opening day. *(To* OPERATOR*)* Did you catch on, did ye, eh?"

(The Operator, pay between times, —I get it all, sir."

(Exit O'Flynn, 1 L. E.*)*

[illegible]

Sergt. Maj.—"Right [illegible]

OMNES [illegible]

Omnes.—"A song—a song—[illegible]

HARD TACK, COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Words by the Rev. [illegible]

Music, [illegible]

Air.—"Here I am [illegible]

Sung by [illegible]

There's a song that all [illegible]
'Tis sung to the tune [illegible]
The song of the wayworn and [illegible]
Oh! hard tack, come again no more.

(*Chorus.*—"Tis the song the [illegible]
Heard in the [illegible]
Too long you have [illegible]
Oh! hard tack, come again no more.

We have marched, [illegible]
And have sulked [illegible]
But to make you [illegible]
Oh! hard tack, come [illegible]

(*Chor.*—"Tis the [illegible]

As a breakfast we have [illegible]
We've been [illegible]
From hand to hand [illegible]
Oh! hard tack, come [illegible]

(*Chor.*—"Tis the [illegible]

To coffee [illegible]
To stew [illegible]
You'll be [illegible]
Oh! hard tack, come [illegible]

(*Chor.*—"Tis the [illegible]

Should Providence [illegible]
Then repent [illegible]
There is [illegible]
Oh! hard tack, come [illegible]

(*Chor.*—"Tis the [illegible]

So farewell [illegible] at Fish Creek, Batoche, Fort Pitt,
[illegible]
We've met [illegible] and "grit".
[illegible] hard tack, [illegible] more.
(Chorus)—'Tis the song, &c.

[*Enter* OFFICER OF THE DAY *and* ORDERLY-SERGEANT, 2 L. E.]

Ord.-Sergt.—"Attention!"

Officer.—"Any complaints?"

Dones.—"Yes, Sir."

Several, (*in reaction*)—"We never get the rations set down in regulations—have had no coffee since the campaign started—have had no eggs for supper to-night."

Officer.—"No eggs. That surely must be a mistake. Chawlie, what became of the eggs, the citizens of Winnipeg sent us."

Chawlie, (*promptly.*)—"*Secretan* has dem."

One Soldier.—"Then we got no jam for supper."

Officer.—"Now—now—now, I know there must be jam. Ask Chawlie what he did with the jam."

Chawlie, (*trembling.*)—"Dey always make me de responsible pawty."

Officer.—"Now Chawlie, what did you do with the jam?"

Chawlie, (*bright idea.*)—"So help me Moses, *Secretan* has it."

A Soldier.—"I think it is a horrible shame that the eggs and comforts sent out by the people of Winnipeg for our sick and wounded should have been stolen."

Officer.—"Are these all the complaints?"

Next Ord.-Sergt.—"In other respects, the grub is quite satisfactory."

Officer.—"Well men I know you have poor fare. Hard biscuit and salt pork are not what you have been accustomed to and I think with you, that you should have, at least, what the Government sets down in regulations as your rations. Luxuries none of us should look for or expect. But for what you are justly entitled to it is probably natural you should expect to receive. Still, we have all come out here in defence of our country and institutions; and we should patiently and willingly submit to many blunders of a commissariat and the hardships of a campaign. We are all here to do our duty; and we can at least

tolerate many grievances, on a campaign in which so much is at stake. You must remember, we come not only to endure hard fare but also to die if necessary—"

No. 1 Soldier.—"Still it is hard treatment, to work patiently day after day half-fed, on poor and insufficient food, all for fifty cents a day, and at last to fall beneath the rascally bullet of an ugly and illiterate Half-Breed."

Officer.—"Yes, and at last to lie peacably at rest beneath the sod, on a rising slope overlooking the banks of that mighty Saskatchewan. Men, (*rising*) there is no grander death, than that of a soldier, on the field. Ah! if I had my desire,—the culmination of my hopes, after reaching the highest point in Promotion's ladder, (*advancing to footlights*) it would be to like a soldier fall—"

[*Orchestra.*]

(*Sings.*)

LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

From "Maritana."

Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain;
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain.
Brave, manly hearts, confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask for that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die, the last, and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough—they murmur at my grave,
He like a soldier fell.

[*Exit* L.]

[*Enter* SERGEANT-MAJOR, 1 R. E.]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler! Sound the officers' mess call. (BUGLER *sounds*, OMNES *singing* "*Officers wives &c.*)

Blondie, (*Showing some of his supper*)—"Skilley, well it don't take much skill to make that."

Omnes—"Oh!—a song—make him sing a song for that."

Sergeant. (*sings.*)—

FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T SAY I TOLD YOU.

WORDS BY SERGEANT JOSEPH TREE (90TH PRINCESS MARY'S).

Sung by Sergt. Tree.

I'm one of the Ninetieth, of course you all know,
That I served in the Riel Rebellion;
And the reason I'm taking a part in this show,
Is because I have something worth telling.
My complaints in the first place are not to say few,
And I'm sure when you hear them that each one of you
Will agree I have grievances—you'll not pooh-pooh,
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

The first cheering news we received at the front
Was that of our getting tobacco;
And mind you it was by no means an affront,
But went down like a slice of tomato.
But, lo and behold you, instead of three plugs,
Which we all reckoned would just about make the round,
Not more than one plug of it ever came round,
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

Now soon after then we were ordered lime juice,
But the measure was far from being lavish;
On asking for more we were further reduced
By kind-hearted *Sweety McTavish*.
But what came to pass you can easily guess,
Whilst we stood the hardships and marched none the less,
It was drunk by the glass in the officers' mess,
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

By way of variety I'll tell you a tale,
To spread it, it wouldn't do really;
The night it occurred it was blowing a gale,
And the hero was *Lieutenant Grady*.
When out on the grand rounds with *Major Smith*, bold,
Inspecting the picquet, at least so I'm told,
Right into a badger hole *Mackey* patrolled,
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

Now, *Major Smith* bold is an officer fine,
And goes by the red book completely,
So he simply clawed round and commenced marking time,
Then looked straight ahead of him meekly.
Now the Major enjoyed this, tho' with suppressed mirth,
As poor *Mackey* slowly rose up from the earth,
But I wouldn't have this known for all I am worth,
So for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

We hear that bold brigadier [illegible] Lorne,
As were, as he marched thro' our city,
Spreads a tale of Rats Nest, the [illegible]
Still we cannot see where it's [illegible]
He said that the Mackenzie and Fort Rouge bold
Were the first to the fray of the rebels unrolled
That his own city regiment was left in the cold
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

These are but the facts, and he can't deny them
That the rebels [illegible] to the [illegible]
Just ask the poor prisoners in hospital now the pit
And they'll soon tell, this [illegible]
That one of our citizens should such reports spread
Is a blow & insult to our [illegible] and dead,
But we'll leave it alone to provide for his bread
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

From Prince Albert reports of a similar tone
Were sent to the Fort of Toronto
By a grenadier captain of the name of [illegible]
Who rebels should indulge in Nice ale
He knew how his regiment alone had got the [illegible]
But how he really got at this he really don't know,
With his hand to a bucket hold [illegible] close low
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

Rowdie. (*calling out a second*) "Well, I'll try and catch a gopher now, [illegible] pretty good sport hanyoud 'ere." (*Commences to fish.*)

[Enter J. M. C. O'HANNAGAN, K. E.]

O'Hanna.—"Heigho! my laughing child or the regiment what doest thou here and what pursuits do thy inclinations follow?"

Rowdie. (*looking up*)—"Fishin' for gophers."

O'Hanna.—"I see, with feelings of mingled surprise and annoyance, a warrior on this expedition, engaged in such a trivial employment, as that of angling for a monster of the Bing-Kwaddie tribe. Why man it is [illegible] Piscatorial pursuits are not in keeping on occasions of this kind, while the fate of the whole nation trembles in the balance. We, who revel in war as it were, should be up and doing, when the country's eyes are upon us, waiting for the important to move on sufficiently, to give it a fit and glorious opportunity to applaud."

Rowdie.—"Say Ross, do yer know I've always thought as how I could make a bedittor on a paper or hanother. Hits better than soldiering anydow,

Now you know, and in this [illegible] country at this work, you know, [illegible] a dollar a day and found. Though I am blessed if [illegible] the longest march with fatigue. Of course [illegible] but I don't get anything [illegible] a dollar [illegible] what [illegible] one of your important gentlemen?"

[illegible] "Well, after the style of my friend [illegible], [illegible] the whole secret of success lies in [illegible]. [illegible] with that conflicting experience [illegible] through foreign lands. [illegible] with a reckless disregard for personal safety. [illegible] Holy Mackinaw! What [illegible]! What's that?" [illegible] and [illegible].

[illegible] "Hit [illegible] take down."

[illegible] "Michael! Michael! your days are numbered!" [illegible]

[illegible] "[illegible] shaking hands." [illegible]

[illegible] "Ah, these terrible wars will be the death of me. [illegible] Well, as I was saying a good correspondent should have a reckless disregard for personal safety and his [illegible] from the [illegible] clutch of paraphrasers and plagiarists. His imagination, like a slumbering volcano as it were, with [illegible], must [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible]. Then he should have experience. [illegible] campaigns and expeditions, from [illegible]"

[illegible] "[illegible] should I start the business you know."

[illegible] "Well, there are many difficulties in the way. Still I [illegible] ambition which I see kindling [illegible]. Now, to acquire [illegible] I would advise [illegible] admirably [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible]. After the rudimentary details are [illegible]

for you to [illegible] Holy Mackman, J. Michael Clean O'Lynn, Scotty, and I promised the General to explain my plan of the campaign at 8 sharp."

[Exit.

[Enter CORPORAL and RELIEF, as the Sentries.]

Corp. "Relief, shoulder arms (a [illegible] half). Sentries, port arms, deliver orders. Sentries, pass, shoulder arms, form Relief, quick march."

[Exit.

[Enter SERGEANT MAJOR, 2 R. F.]

Sergt.-Maj. "Bugler! Sound the call for the sick parade." (Bugler answers.)

Bugler. "Guess he'll be sick. There is his big tongue-piece on, in an hour, hand a parade in the morning, guess he will get the doctor to beyerny me."

[Exit, 1 R. F.

[Enter 4 SERGEANTS, 1 R. F., [illegible] 4 SOLDIERS, CHARLIE [illegible], BLONDIE and LEATHERNECK [illegible]]

Sergt. (to SERGT. MAJ.). "Here they are, sir."

Sergt.-Maj. "Well, march them off to the Hospital."

Sergt. "Sick! Left-turn, quick march. [illegible] HOSPITAL SERGEANT. Sick men, sir."

Hosp. Sergt. "Ha, a very interesting crowd. Well, my man, what is wrong with you this morning?"

Soldier. "I am chafed on the heels."

Hosp. Sergt. "All right. I apprehend that a powder, recommended in that work of Mr. [illegible] on Fresh Wounds, will do for you to-day. (Gives a powder.) There, take that between meals. Who is next?"

Clean. (coming forward). "I've got a very bad cold and a toothache." (Sneezes, [illegible] his mouth.)

Hosp. Sergt. (examining him). "You'd better have a pill this morning. (Gives him a [illegible].) Here, take these in half an hour."

Clean. (looking at the [illegible]). "Say, mister, what effect do this have on me?"

Hos. Sergt. "It is not my business to explain the medical properties of an Army Chest. Well, what is the matter with you?" *(turning to [illegible].)*

Pte. "They say as 'ow I 'ave got an hawful hattack of dyspepsia, and I feel as 'ow I can't heat enough."

Hos. Sergt. "A pill and a powder are infallible. Here you are (*hands box*). [illegible] 'Essay on Stimulants,' strongly recommends them—not the stimulants, but powders and pills I mean. The stimulants are only for very exceptional and individual cases. And you, sir?" *(turning to [illegible].)*

[illegible] "I have rheumatism, an earache, a sprained shoulder, a black eye, sore heels, influenza, and a pain in the head. I'm generally demoralized and broke up, but in other respects I feel tolerably pleasant."

Hos. Sergt. "Ah, a most interesting case. A pill and a powder act every time. Now, some think that there aint a difference in pills, but there is a difference. Some are white and some are black. Now, some have a glutinous covering, appertaining to the succulent; while others are plain and more of a nauseous character. Pills are good for somethings, and powders for others; and with the multiplicity of your casualties I apprehend that a compound of the two will bring you rapidly to a convalescent condition." *(Handing box, advancing to footlights, sings.)*

THE SONG OF THE HOSPITAL SERGEANT.

Air—"Says I to myself, says I." (Iolanthe.)

When I went to the front as a brave volunteer,
Says I to to myself, says I,
In my youth having had a quack doctor's career,
Says I to myself, says I,
I can get on the ambulance corps I know,
And they shall not know where the brandy will go
When I give the sick boys a powder, oh! no
Says I to myself, says I.

Before me each day all the sick will parade,
Says I to myself, says I,
But never on a bed will a man then be laid,
Says I to myself, says I,
But a pill or a powder his wants supply,
And it is not my fault if it knocks him sky-high
When he comes me to look for the sweet by and bye,
Says I to myself says I.

THE MAN ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Now some pills are white, some are black, some are brown,
Says I to myself, says I
But to tell them in the dark is a very hard thing,
Says I to myself, says I.
For they all look most great at the right of Fifth Street,
But the best Pills are those you get by mail or express,
And I'm sure I can tell you I'm very glad of it,
Says I to myself, says I.

Now one pill goes up to the Stockyards and Lyons,
Says I to myself, says I,
And nought but a power of Nine would go
Says I to myself, says I.
So if ever you have a pill, choose it by the dozen,
I advise you, much do you need it, do you
And put it to the bottom of your stomach,
Says I to myself, says I.

Adjt. "Sick parade attention! Fall out!" (Exit Adjt.)

Maj. Cogg. (Drawing) "Now, men, before you return to your quarters, I have a few words of caution for you. You must not leave the vicinity of your camp lines. Yesterday one sick man came to me on crutches, and told me that he had a very bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I gave him a pill and a powder, and had him excused for a week from all drill and work. An hour afterwards he made a home run around the bases on a single hit in the ball match against the Grenadiers. I know the effects of my doses are miraculous, but I must say that it is simply a tempting of Providence. Men, Providence should not be tempted in this way. I venture to say that Providence shall not be tempted in the wholesale manner in which I see you young men persist. Do not trust the marvelous effects of my prescriptions altogether."

Chorus. "We won't sir."

Maj. Cogg. "And go playing football, sailing and swimming immediately after I order that you should have a complete rest from the arduous duties of drill and fatigue. Now, for a special recovery diet is an important thing. In a little treatise which I am preparing to incorporate in my medical report to the Dominion Government, it is my intention to treat of the nourishing qualities of boiled hard tack and dried apples as a diet. I may say that hard tack heretofore has defied all the best efforts of the world's most famous analysts, even such great men as Chem, Ass, Ass, and the famous Wizz-wiz. Still there may be some excuse for those medical gentlemen, not devoting more time to the analysis of this substance as I find that even the great Nitrow makes

no mention of it in his work on "Noxious Weeds." Now after long observation, I have succeeded in discovering the ingredient properties of hard tack, but it is almost an impossibility to say in what proportions these are used, to bring it up to that firm unyielding mass, so much resembling the assurance of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture. However, I strongly recommend hard tack as a diet, for the Government has evidently thought, that there is no better nourishing food for the invalid and sick. There that will do."

[*Exit* 2 L. E.]

Sergt.—"Sick! Right turn—quick march."

[*Exeunt* 1 R. E.]

[*Enter* SERGEANT-MAJOR.]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler, sound the picquet call." (*Bugle sounds and the picquet fall in on the stage near footlights*—ONE SERGEANT, A CORPORAL, TWELVE MEN AND A BUGLER. *The* OFFICER OF THE DAY *makes a short examination.*).

Sergt. of the Picquet (*advances to the front and sings*)

THE PICQUET SONG AND CHORUS.

AIR.—"*The Sergeant's Song.*" (*Pirates of Penzance.*)

WORDS BY SERGT. JOSEPH TEES.

When the enterprising Indian's not a growling,
(*Chorus.*)—Not a growling.
And the Half-Breed's not a-fighting for his land,
(*Cho.*)—For his land.
He loves around the pale-face to be prowling,
(*Cho.*)—To be prowling.
And listen to the Ninetieth brass band,
(*Cho.*)—'eth brass band.
When their spies are not on every nightly bother,
(*Cho.*)—Nightly bother.
He loves to sneak amongst us just for fun;
(*Cho.*)—Just for fun.
Taking one consideration with another,
(*Cho.*)—With another.
A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(*Chorus.*)—Oh! When the sentry's pacing forty miles a day with loaded gun,
A soldier's lot is not a happy one. Happy one.

When the redskin's not engaged in heavy slaughter,
Or considering how to make a rifle pit,
His capacity for Hudson Bay fire-water
Is just as great as ours is, every bit,
Our feelings we with difficulty smother,
While we're shooting down the rebels one by one;
Taking one consideration with another,
A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(Cho.)—Oh! When the sentry's &c.

When the country's fairly over-run with Fenians,
Who are spreading consternation through our land;
Just now while we've got our fighting dander risen,
We should take the matter thoroughly in hand.
Whilst we're guarding House of Commons, jails and bridges,
Expecting to be shot up towards the sun,
And be picked up by the piece in sundry ditches,
A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(Cho.)—Oh! When the sentry's &c.

When we're out all night on picquet when its raining,
And the drops are gently trickling down our backs,
Walking slowly up and down till morning's waning,
To frustrate any rebel night attack.
When we think what fools we were for volunteering,
Coming out here thinking it would be such fun,
And we long for homes and friends endearing,
A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(Cho.)—Oh! When the sentry's &c.

Sergt.—"Picquet—shoulder arms—right turn—quick march."

[*Exeunt* 1 R. E.]

[*Enter* BAXTER HILL, 2 R. E. CHAWLIE *preparing camp fires—the lights turned down.*]

Hill (*crossing over to* OPERATOR.)—"Line working?"

Tel. Op.—"All right now, sir."

Hill.—"Take down and send this despatch. (*Dictates*)—'Clarke's Crossing: Troops encamped on east side river. One-half of force crosses to-morrow, being Grenadiers, Winnipeg Battery, French's Scouts. Whole force proceed north to-morrow. Ninetieth, A. Battery and Boulton's Horse this side of river. Rebels reported entrenched twenty-five miles north.' (*To* OPERATOR) Good evening."

[*Exit* 1 L. E.]

THE CAMP FIRE SONGS.

THE MERMAID.

Sung by Pte. John Brown.

On the fourteenth day of February, way down in the southern seas,
By a coral reef we at anchor lay, awaiting for the breeze,
The skipper he was down below, and the crew were laying about,
When we heard a splash right under our bows, and then a terrible shout.

(*Chorus.*)—Blow ye winds I oh, blow ye winds I oh,
Clear away the morning dew, and blow winds blow.

A man overboard, the cook cries out, and forward we all ran
When we saw hanging on to our best bow chains, a jolly old bluff bowed man,
His hair was red, and his eyes were blue; he'd a mouth as big as three,
And a monstrous tail that he sat upon was wiggling in the sea.

(*Cho.*)—Blow ye winds, &c.

You've dropped your anchor in front of my house, and blockaded my only door,
So my wife can't get out, for to swim about, with her chicks one, two, three, four.
'Twould break your heart to see them there, and the row they've had with me,
For I've been out all night to a small tea fight, at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

(*Cho.*)—Blow ye winds, &c.

My anchor shall be hove at once, and your wife and chicks set free,
But I never saw a scale, from a sprat to a whale, that before could talk to me.
Your figurehead's like a Bo'sen bold, and you talk like an Englishman,
But how came you by that monstrous tail, pray tell me if you can.

(*Cho.*)—Blow ye winds, &c.

Many years ago, in the ship Hero, I was washed overboard in a gale,
And I saw far below, where the sea weeds grow, a beautiful girl with a tail,
She saved my life and I made her my wife, and my legs changed instantly,
And now I am married to a mermaid, at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

(*Cho.*)—Blow ye winds, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Sung by Lieut. H. M. Arnold, Sergt. Jos. Tees, Corp. Geo. Bailey, Ptes. G. McAllister, Restall, and J. Brown.

How can I bear to leave thee,
One parting kiss I give thee,
And then whate'er befalls me,
I go where duty calls me.

(*Chorus.*)—Farewell, farewell my own true love,
Farewell, farewell my own true love.

Ne'ermore shall I behold thee,
Or in these arms enfold thee.
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.

(*Cho.*)—Farewell, &c.

I'll think of thee with longing,
Think thou when tears are thronging;
And with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft when dying.

(*Cho.*)—Farewell, &c.

[*Enter* SERGT.-MAJOR.]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler! sound the last post. (BUGLER *sounds.* GUARD *turns out.*) Boys, it is time to turn in." (*Men rise and go into their tents.* BLONDIE *goes into tent* L. *side.* CHAWLIE *fixes up his fire-place for the night,* R., *putting away his pots and pans, after which he retires into tent with Blondie.* BUGLER *enters* L. *and sounds "Lights Out."*)

Sergt.-Maj.—"Here, now, lights out in those tents. (*Light still burning in* BLONDIE'S *tent.*) Put that light out now."

Blon. (*within.*)—"The light is hout sir."

Chaw.—"Yes sah, dere must be a mistake, suah." (*Altercation between* CHAWLIE *and* SERGT.-MAJOR. *Light finally extinguished.*)

Voices (*inside tents.*)—"Move over there—Give me more room—Shift your feet"—(*snores, grumbling and quarrelling.*)

[*Motion in tent* L. *The head of* BLONDIE *with a night cap slowly appears through the opening of the tent. He cautiously looks around and then gradually comes out dressed in a night gown. Very carefully he makes his way over to the cooks' fire place and gropes around for something to eat; secures some hard tack and canned meat and proceeds to crawl back: trips over the guy rope and plunges headlong through the opening of the tent, as he does so,* CHAWLIE, *very irate, shoves his head out and hammers* BLONDIE *into the tent with a barrel stave. The camp all quiet, stage darkened, the* SENTRY *on his beat behind footlights. A shot heard in the rear, followed by two shots in rapid succession direction of* R.]

Sentry (*halting—quick and loud*)—"Guard turn out."

[*Enter* GUARD, L. E. (*at the double.*) SERGEANT-MAJOR *and* BUGLER *enter* R.]

Sergt.-Maj., (*quick.*)—"Where is the alarm?"

Corp.—"Three shots in direction of No. 1 Picquet."

Sergt.-Maj.—Bugler, sound the assembly. Lively now!! (*Bugle sounds. Disturbance in the tents.*)

Voices (*within*)—"Where are my boots? Where is that tunic, &c. (*Men rapidly turn out, insufficiently dressed, but properly armed, and fall in.* BLONDIE *falls in last, comes out of the tent making a prodigious effort to buckle his waist belt over his night gown carrying his rifle and wearing a nightcap.*)

Charlie, (*plunging out excitedly.*)—"Wha can I get cover?"

[*Rapid exit* L.

Voice (*in distance* R.)—"All's well!" (*caught up and repeated.*)

[*Enter* GENERAL 1 R. E. (*with a lighted candle and drawn sword, wearing a dressing gown, carpet slippers and a tuque, followed by the* A. D. C., *and* BAXTER HILL, *note book in hand.*]

Gen.—"Well men, you have turned out in remarkably quick time. You are not in the best of trim as regards dress; but I see you all have your rifles and side arms, and that is the main thing, when the enemy is at hand."

[*Enter* J. M. C. O'FLYNN *running* 1 R. E.

O'Flynn.—"Oh, it is only a false alarm."

CURTAIN.—GENERAL *and* A D.C. R. *side waltzing.* O'FLYNN *excitedly in the centre.* HILL *on* L. *Men drawn up at the attention in the rear.*

INTERLUDE.

THE MARCH AND DRILL OF THE HARD TACK BRIGADE.

[*Stage cleared. Twenty-eight members of the* BRIGADE *with sword bayonets in hand, drawn up in line, two ranks facing footlights.* LEADER *on the* R. *Costume.—Tunics and trousers, forage caps made of sound roast-beef cans with a tassel on the top and chin-strap, a white canvas cross-belt with H. T. B. stamped on it, and a two-pound Armour*

[carrying cane on the back as a field-glass, a hard tack medal hung on the breast with orange and green ribbons, and an apron made of a large biscuit tack. The BRIGADIER-GENERAL *wears a large five pound number cane with a cavalry glass, a low top, a red cross-belt, a four-pound rope cane for a field-glass, two medals and a cavalry sabre.]*

Brig.-Gen. (*very facetious.*)—"Bri—gade! (*roughly.*) Hem!! (BRIGADE *opens ranks.*) Hem!! (BRIGADE *brings the sword up to the "salute.*") Hem!! (BRIGADE *brings swords to the "carry."*) Hem!! (*swords brought back to the "salute."*) *Leader advances to firelights, centre, facing uniform, draws sabre and gravely salutes twice and returns to R.*) Hem!! (*swords brought back to shoulder.* LEADER *advances to centre, sings.*)

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE 90TH.

WRITTEN BY MAJOR LAWRENCE BUCHAN.

When we embarked at Winnipeg, as chirpy as could be,
We thought we were out for a bit of a lark, about a two week's spree.
But when we got to Fort Qu'Appelle we found it different then,
Our tents in a row, we pitched in the snow, just like real soldier men!

(*Chorus.*)—Pork, beans, hard tack, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Poor hungry soldiers, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
With blistered feet and aching bones we march along all day,
And go on picquet all the night, to keep the rebs away;
But when we meet the enemy, we do not think of rest,
For whether we march or rest, my boys, we do our level best.

We trudged along the winding trail, for many a weary day,
With thunder, lightning, hail, and rain to cheer us on our way;
We fought the rebels at Fish Creek and drove them out of sight,
While many of our good men and true, fell battling for the right.

(*Cho.*)—Pork, beans, &c.

Brig.-Gen.—"Hem!" (*Introduces a few simple drill movements and marches.*)

We caught the devils once again right in their own Batoche,
We burst them up and shot them down, we swiped them in all By Gosh!
And when no more of them were left, around for more we chose,
We plundered all their household goods, and carried off our loot.

(*Cho.*)—Pork, beans, &c.

Brig.-Gen.—"Hem!" (*Drill and march manœuvres.*)

At Prince Albert then the ladies came to greet us with their smiles,
Which made us quite forget our woes with all their cheering wiles,
So to put a stop to rushing love, as good boys always do,
We marched along to Battleford, going all the way by water.

(*Cho.*)—Pork, beans, &c.

We left the gallant Queen's Own there, indulging in a swear,
Because they could'nt come to Pitt to polish off Big Bear;
But now my boys we have come home to luxury and ease.
You bet we've earned the name we get, the fighting L. B. D's.
(*Cho.*)—Pork, beans, &c.

Brig.-Gen.—"Hem!" (*A drill and march.*)

[*Exeunt* R. *and* L.]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A zareba of boxes, sacks, stores, etc. The last day of Batoche. Tuesday in the trenches. A cessation of hostilities. The men working away with picks and spades, facing heavy wood scene in rear. Field telegraph* L. GENERAL *and* A. D. C. *seated* R., *on boxes, looking over plans and papers.*

Gen. (*turning to A.D.C.*—"Captain, take down this despatch and have it forwarded. (*Dictates*)—We have now been three days attacking Batoche. On Saturday morning the engagement commenced with the Gatling and guns of 'A.' Battery opening fire—the Grenadiers were extended in skirmishing order to the front, the 90th supporting and the Midland acting as a rear-guard. On Sunday the Grenadiers re-opened the attack, and yesterday the 90th took up their places, carrying the line of advance beyond the church. This morning there is a cessation of hostilities, and it is my intention to reconnoitre on my right front with all my mounted men, with a view of withdrawing as many men from my left attack, which is the key of the position."

[GENERAL *rises, exit* 1 R. E. A.D.C. *goes over to* OPERATOR *with dispatch, exit R.*]

[*Enter* BAXTER HILL 1 L.E. *Places a despatch on Operator's desk.*]

Tel. Op. (*who has been looking over despatch.*)—"What is this word sir?"

Hill.—"You must make no mistake. I better read it. (*Reads*)—'Batoche: Have now been three days on attack. A cessation in hostilities this morning. The General has gone with mounted troops to reconnoitre on the right. At present rate doubtful how long engagement will last.

The whole force are impatient and eager to make a charge—expect something of the kind before long. General strenuously opposed to such action and favors starvation by siege.'" (*Returns despatch.*)

[*Exit* L.]

J. M. C. O'Flynn (*poking his head out of a blanket*; L., *where he has been concealed*)—"Heigho, my cool and concise *confrère* of the fourth estate, J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn this time has been plenty soon in motions and secrete in developments, to rise like veracity crushed to the soil sufficiently to gain a pointer or two. (*Rising*)—I'll to the wire and make the columns of the great luminary in the East ring with news and sensation. I'll dwell in language dashing and pictorial on the possibility of Riel escaping all punishment through political influence, should we capture him. Ah, that is a case I'll revolve in this brain of mine, and then hurl it, dashing over the wire, to that musty, little, dirt-begrimed office called a sanctum, to be tantalized by the editor, mutilated by the typo, and slain by the proof-reader, until it blazes before the world with typographical errors and distortions without number. In the interval, while cogitating my synonyms, I'll roll me like a Mohican in my blanket For though in times of peace I revel in war, yet no stray bullet shall lay low all that there is of J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn, 'Invincible in peace, and invisible in war.'" (*Rolls himself in his blanket again.*)

1st Soldier.—"Say, Bob, suppose we capture Riel, and he should escape justice by means of political interference."

2nd Soldier (*excitedly.*)—Escape! No—Never!! Shall Riel escape after all this? Boys, think of our dead and wounded at Fish Creek, and here at Batoche; of those lonely graves we left on the banks of that creek yonder. Think of the unburied dead and defenceless captives of Frog Lake and Fort Pitt and then ask—shall Riel escape? No political interference, no technicality of law, no trumped up plea of insanity, must stay the hand of Justice. Boys, for the sake of the mourning wives, sisters and mothers in our county, Riel shall not escape."

Chorus (*refrain beginning* R. *and gradually taken up by all.*)—

Oh! love, dear love, be true, this heart is only thine,
When the war is o'er, we'll part no more, at Ehren on the Rhine.

[ORCHESTRA.]

EHREN ON THE RHINE.

Sung by Lieut. H. M. Arnold.

A soldier stood in the village street, and bade his love adieu,
His gun and knapsack at his feet, his company in view.

With tears she kissed him once again, and turned away her head,
He could but whisper in his pain, and this is what he said:

(*Chorus*)—Oh! love, dear love, be true, this heart is only thine,
When the war is o'er, we'll part no more, at Ehren on the Rhine.

They marched away down the village street, the banners floating gay,
The children cheered for the tramping feet, that went to war away;
And one among them turn'd him round to look but once again;
And though his lips gave out no sound, his heart sighed this refrain:

(*Chorus*)—Oh! love, dear love, etc.

On the battlefield, the pale cold moon is shedding her peaceful light;
And is shining down on a soul, that soon will speed its eternal flight,
Amid the dying the soldier lay, a comrade way close at hand,
And he said: "When I am far away, and you in our native land,

(*Chorus*)—Oh! say to my love be true, be only, only mine,
My life is o'er, we'll part no more, at Ehren on the Rhine."

[GENERAL *and* A. D. C. *enter* 1 R. E.]

Officer of the Day.—"But men stand to your arms, and keep a sharp lookout."

A Soldier (to officer).—"There is a white object moving on the left sir."

Gen. (motioning towards.)—"Don't fire men, it is a flag of truce, a party of Indians for a parley."

[*Enter five Indians* 1 L. E., *chanting a song followed by the* INTERPRETER, *and* BAXTER HILL. *At conclusion of chant with low accompaniment, they group around* GENERAL *in centre.*]

Gen.—"Well who are these?"

Interpreter (indicating them.)—"This is 'Weeping Dog,' chief of the Hoolykeanns. This is 'Sit the Mad Quick,' his son, the dude of the red man. This is 'Never Tell a Lie,' a politician. This is the 'Medicine Man,' and this (*turning to a squaw*) is 'Weeping Dog's Mother'."

Gen.—"Tell them to be seated."

Interp. (makes signs.)—"Squatty-coola." (*Indians sit down grouped around the* GENERAL.)

Gen.—"Ask Weeping Dog if it is usual to go around on the steal like a city alderman."

Interp. (gesticulating.)—"Mah schooch ka-waps-tad, cow tow patter, sacree mentow kasino."

THE BOYS ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Weeping Dog.—"Yah, mamma [illegible] banana."

Peter.—"Weeping Dog says says he [illegible] thing only be [illegible] the Toronto [illegible] brothers but some [illegible] as his laundry [illegible]."

Gee.—"Well, ask him what he wants [illegible]."

Peter.—"Kiyi-yaphea, in what [illegible]."

Weeping Dog.—"Kitchener [illegible] big [illegible] mulberry, &c."

Peter.—"He says, says he, that Weeping Dog [illegible] when he hear that soldiers come to fight. [illegible] and Weeping Dog come out to town for his [illegible] the war paint. [illegible] says, says he, that Weeping Dog [illegible] his face and, bury the hatchet. [illegible] line somewhere, and [illegible] Sor aw [illegible]."

Gee.—"Well what does she want."

Peter.—"She wants to take part in the war."

Gee.—"Oh tell her to sit down, we don't [illegible] experience is that women's tongue is too [illegible]."

Peter.—"Gee! [illegible]."

Squaw.—"Oh kiyi, mamma [illegible]."

Peter.—"She asks, how about [illegible]."

Weeping Dog.—"Kiyi-yaphea, [illegible] wow, wow, ——."

Gee.—"[illegible] Hasn't [illegible]."

Weeping Dog.—"[illegible] Kam shoch ouai [illegible] Nokey apropos mak shoch [illegible]."

Peter.—"[illegible] says he, that the Indian is the [illegible] terribly bad on [illegible] He says, says he, that [illegible] promised

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE MEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

[illegible] "Be jaiers boys, they have [illegible] Are [illegible] there up in Quebec so early?"

[illegible] "Why [illegible] wherrish, don't it up Leatherback? Jaiers you know!"

[illegible] "Arhone? It is a bit a cold [illegible] the last three months."

[illegible] "Oh! Ross just listen to this. Here what the Winnipeg [illegible] says about our East Coast [illegible] there."

"A PETTAR."

"[illegible] THAT YESTERDAY'S RAFFLE WAS A REVENUE FOR MONTREAL."

"PER ADVANTAGE FOR REPORT WITH UNDUE LOSS THE RESULTS FOLLOWING"

"NO INTELLIGENCE THAT A SINGLE HAIR EVER ON INDIAN WAS KILLED."

[illegible] "A dollar? Ah, Yes!" No matter what sum [illegible] a poor [illegible] may make, no matter what efforts for good may be made by anyone, there will always be in this world a certain class who never contribute anything to the cause but who live only to cavil and criticise; and there will always be newspapers which, tend of sensation, will adopt any means to sell a few copies of their rag and [illegible]

[illegible] "I wonder if that is an Indian over there on the right? No, it can't be an Indian. Yes, I guess it is an Indian. No, it aint either [illegible] Ross looks like it was an Indian. [illegible]"

[illegible] R. C. O'Brian [illegible] Ed.

[illegible] "And when the bullets fly,
How we my Markers fly."

[illegible] "He's that charging wants like business."

[illegible] "Well stand to your arms - markers fall in [illegible] with double march."

TABLEAU FINALE.

SCENE.—*Batoche, the night after the victory—a moonlight scene in the zareba. The men with arms, lying asleep in their blankets, in the trenches. Two sentry R. and L. motionless.*

[CURTAIN.]

MANAGEMENT.

Musical Conductor.

BANDMASTER H. GOODING.

Stage Management.

LIEUT. H. M. ARNOLD, SERGT. JOSEPH TEES.

Chairman.

CORP. R. E. YOUNG

Secretary-Treasurer.

STAFF-SERGT. GEO. BROUGHALL.